

CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA
CALIFORNIA
WEDNESDAY
JULY 11 1928
FIVE CENTSTHE
CARMELITE

VOLUME I

NUMBER 22

STOP!

The City Council of Carmel on Tuesday evening passed an ordinance establishing traffic regulations. There are to be visible or audible traffic signals at busy street intersections; there will be crosswalks for pedestrians, boulevard and arterial highway stops; and in the business section, a parking time limit. And if any driver should find himself in doubt as to the regulations, he may park his car for a moment, step up to the offices of the City of Carmel, and obtain a copy of the ordinance.

GO!

There is an interesting new lineup in the City Council. It will be remembered that the last election put into office three new council members,—Mr. Bonham, hardware merchant, now mayor; Mr. Gottfried, contractor; and Mrs. Rockwell, proprietor of a gift shop. Members remaining upon the council include Mr. George Wood, retired travelling auditor, and former Mayor Jordan, hotel owner.

It was supposed that the incoming council members would provide a majority which could effectively carry out reforms in the administration,—concerning, for instance, storm drains, streets, the City Planning Commission.

But something has happened. Office holding has a psychology of its own. The man who believes he is going to be valiant and free when he becomes a councilman, discovers that he is not so free, after all.

Here in Carmel some of the new council members have on second thought found it necessary to observe political caution, and Mrs. Rockwell, insurgent and still unafraid, finds herself without support in the reforms she and the others were elected to carry out. The balance of power has changed, and while we do not accuse, we merely note with sympathy that someone must have put the fear of God into our mayor. (But this is a phenomenon familiar to city governments. We elect those we believe courageous and unafraid,—and are again and again disappointed.)

THE FARMER-LABOR PARTY

has come to life again, and in Chicago is holding a convention to name candidates for national president and vice-president.



POINT LOBOS

Photograph by Johan Hagemeyer

There is no legend of this place
no myth of gods or men
that being told could be translated
into our tongue
or being translated could be understood
of our mind.
This is a lost place—out of the memory of the race—
of any known race.
One goes into it unaware
one comes out from it haunted
as the trees are haunted
and the undying rocks
and the dark groves where fear is.
These that are here have no likeness—
they are not troubled as we are troubled.
They move on different feet—they look with other eyes
on a sea that holds their ships—
ships that come and go
mysterious as thought—
shadows in a moon.

—From "Lobos Poems" by Jeanne Burton.

The City . . .

The city of Denver, Colorado, has made a successful civic experiment. For many years hampered by the usual corrupt government, it was at last freed by a group of citizens, thoroughly non-partizan, without interests of their own to serve. These citizens allied themselves into a group which, among other activities, published weekly a statement of the FACTS of the city administration. This weekly reached the members of city clubs, women's organizations; and gradually built up a volume of public opinion based upon the truth. (It is well known, or should be, that newspapers are not free to publish the truth. Their advertisers have interests which must be served; prejudices and opinions which must be respectfully treated; certain facts which must not reach the public ear.)

For many years this non-partizan group of citizens has really controlled the city of Denver—at least its civic administration—and kept it relatively free from boss politics. It is good fortune that this happens to be a beneficent group. Many another city is controlled with equal force by a group with private interests to serve—real estate, public utilities, even those factors of life called "corrupt."

(Even the non-partizan Denver group has its limitations. Against its record we must mark the great difficulties Judge Ben Lindsey has had. This courageous citizen has had to fight his way through choking opposition for freedom to state the truth about the conditions and causes of juvenile delinquency.)

If in Carmel such a non-partizan and disinterested group might form itself, using the newspapers as channels for its authorized statements, a very fine body of intelligent civic feeling might result. The mass meeting held last spring in the Sunset School was an illustration of the blindness and vagueness of public intelligence on civic matters. **We citizens need training to think out our local problems.**

There is of course in Carmel the Committee of Forty which might develop into such a non-partizan body. This, or any other group, might do very much toward developing community intelligence concerning the town as a whole. We've a charming little community now, whose roads are free of advertising signs and the paraphernalia of conscience-less commercial exploitation. But some day we may have to fight business interests which may want to alter the character of Carmel fatally. There is almost no use electing to our city council honest non-partizans unless we support them with an active community intelligence.

Suppose your councilman is a merchant or a contractor, depending upon the goodwill of the community for his business success? Is he really free to fight every civic cause in which he believes? Suppose, for

instance, he discovers gross inefficiency in some city department or other. If he attempts ruthlessly to tear this out, he will find himself hemmed in on all sides by the silent, sometimes even unconscious, threats, of the friends of that city department. It will be made clear to him that he cannot oppose it and succeed in his own business.

Perhaps he asks himself privately if it is worth while to fight a losing fight for departmental efficiency, at the risk of success in his business, and for his home, wife and children. The Council Meetings come in the evening, when he is already tired from the affairs of the day's business. He might as well let the matter go, for the sake of his own life's peace.

Thus unconscious corruption begins (just as it does with a newspaper!). If he had a developed public sentiment behind him, this man could strike out more confidently and effectively. And pretty soon, Carmel might have an efficient administration—streets, sewers, grading, engineering and all—all the while keeping consistently its character of the quiet town naturally set within a forest.

That The People May Know

CONCERNING DRAINAGE ENGINEERING EFFICIENCY

Seventh Street, Ninth, and Twelfth Streets were provided with culverts very expensive to the abutting property owners. After the first rains, these culverts filled up, and have never been of use since. It is possible for any good engineer to make mistakes, but when he gets into the habit of making mistakes like these, he seems to be hardly an efficient engineer.

* * * *

We have been looking into the so-called Drainage Plan, to which Mr. Wood referred us so lovingly in his recent open letter to the Carmelite. And what did we find? We found a plan for possible underground drainage; but no specifications as to the size of pipe, or any estimate of cost. A drainage plan of this kind is hardly worth the paper it's written on; and yet the city paid Mr. Severance a hundred and fifty dollars cash for this.

An underground drainage system such as this will work on sandy streets as badly as the culverts did; that is to say, it will be of no use whatever.

It seems to us that it is high time for somebody to write some more open letters about these things.

YES, IT WAS A GLORIOUS FOURTH

The Flavins and the O'Sheas gave vast parties. San Francisco flocked to Carmel to play. Monterey was gay with the marines on parade. And the edge of the ocean at night sparkled with holiday stars and the voices of children.

THE CARMELITE CALENDAR

JULY

- 12 **Theatre of the Golden Bough** — Haldis Stabell in Lecture, "Renaissance of the Human Body," 3:00 p. m. Open to the public.
- 13 **Theatre of the Golden Bough**—Henry Cowell, modern composer-pianist in recital at 8:30 p. m.
- 12-13 **Carmel Playhouse**—San Francisco Players in Sheridan's comedy, "The Rivals" at 8:30 p. m.
- 13-14 **Forest Theater**—"A Princess of Araby," comic opera by Tom Cator and Perry Newberry, at 8:15 p. m.
- 15 **Divine Services**—All Saints Chapel, Community Church, Christian Science at 11:00 a. m. Carmel Mission at 10:00 a. m.
- 15 **Carmel Playhouse**—David Alberto presents Patty Mora in piano recital at 8:30.
- Exhibits**—open every afternoon from two to five: Carmel Art Gallery: Paintings of Charlton Fortune. Hagemeyer Studio: Photographic art of Johan Hagemeyer.

AS FOR THE REPUBLICANS AND THE DEMOCRATS

Mrs. J. B. Casserley of San Mateo, who is running for Congress on both the Republican and the Democratic tickets, will have headquarters at the Cominos Hotel in Salinas next week, with the hope of meeting many voters of her district. Ann Dare of Carmel contributes the additional information that Mrs. Casserley is a musician of unusual personal charm, and invites all of Carmel to look in upon her. Isn't it after all franker thus to dismiss the political parties, and ask for votes upon the basis of one's intelligence, good will, and charm?

MAURICE BROWNE IN A SECOND EDITION

Ellen Janson Browne and her little son Maurice Browne, aged four, passed through Carmel this week. This small son of a memorable director of Carmel drama, looks the sweet and comical image of his august father. Ellen Janson is a poet of some distinction, who has just finished a novel which will be published this fall. Maurice Browne, pere, is in England, where he has brilliantly produced a new play of Bernard Shaw's and been the comrade and guest of the intelligentsia and the artists of London. In Carmel he remains a memory and an influence, for Morris Ankrum, George Ball, and many another here busy with the stage, have had their first dramatic training under the direction of this intense and passionate artist.

COUNSEL

"Hurry!" Ticks the clock voice.
"Wait," time persists, "on me."
Heeding both friend—
Deliberate, I proceed.

—Tor.

Carmel News

WITH FASTING AND PRAYER

On the gateway of a cottage on Lincoln Avenue there is a small sign which reads "Ursuline Monastery." Here for some weeks have lived a group of nuns, moving silently in their black robes, their oval faces framed in virginal white. Against the background of our sophisticated and pleasure-loving civilization, it is an exquisite reminder of other ways of life to see these gentle beings. Whatever the difference between our convictions and theirs, their presence conveys a quality. Consecration, vows of chastity and service, the habitual lifting of the heart in prayer, these may be out of our times; but it is good to remember them and the life-values they express.

On the Point there is a bleak little box of a building in which there lives another group, the Carmelite nuns. These are never seen outside the walls of their voluntarily-chosen tomb, although through the little opening of the door one may speak with the sister in charge. Early in the morning a thin trickle of sound comes from the little convent bell; and again through the day it utters the summons to the ritual and the routine.

Locked within the shell of their renunciation, life here is kept glowing by the ardors of sacrifice.

AT THE BOYS' RANCH

The boys of the Rancho Carmelo gave an old-time barbecue to some 300 friends and relatives on the 4th. Roping and riding stunts by the boys, by Victor Tremath, the riding instructor, and others furnished amusement for the afternoon.

Here on a real western ranch, five miles up the Carmel Valley, a group of boys of varying ages are having the time of their young lives, riding, hiking, swimming. Next week they will go en masse to the annual Rodeo at Salinas, where they will ride in the parade, camp on the grounds and can be depended on to miss not a single event.

LAST SATURDAY'S ABALONE PARTY

The Abalone League invited everybody over to the League's Club House last Saturday evening after the play. Ample refreshments were served—cold meats, and coffee, sandwiches, and there was a rumor of beer or near-beer.

Rhoda Johnson seemed to be the hostess. She was charming. Jack Mulgardt and several of the others added a stagey note by appearing with insufficiently-removed makeup. We danced, to the music of the saxophone and an accordion. Not only did we dance, but we had a good time. All the Golden Bough woughs were there, but nobody fought. All departed happy and at peace with the world. —R. S.

People . . .

THE GOOD NEIGHBOR

Many years ago Jane Addams was a young woman just leaving Rockford College, Illinois. It was the age which produced Jacob Riis, who plunged into the filth of the slum life of cities and wrote "How the Other Half Lives." It was the age of Lincoln Steffens, who wrote "The Shame of Our Cities." It was a time of vigorous and iconoclastic idealism. The bourgeoisie of the United States were rich and comfortable. The foreigners, the immigrants, lived in poverty and squalor in the overcrowded darkness of cities. We who are living now in environment so different can scarcely imagine or believe that those conditions of life ever were.

Yet the young Jane Addams was aware of them. She responded to them, not only emotionally with pity and love, but practically. She went to live among the Irish and the Italians and the Polish immigrants of Chicago, in the dark and overcrowded and underventilated slums not far from the stockyards. She lived among these people simply, as a friend and neighbor. At Hull-House, Chicago, many hundreds and even thousands of these people have rejoiced in that neighborship.

The activities of Hull-House have expanded in every direction. It became a center of play, education and for the organization of liberal and radical movements. About its dinner tables at night gather many of the great constructive thinkers of the world—the friends of man, from Babushka, the little Grandmother of the Russian Revolution, to Bertrand Russell. Hull-House has been a seeding-place for thought and action, a center for selfless and socialized effort.

During and since the Great War, the energies of Jane Addams have been more and more centered upon the effort toward world peace, although every educational and social movement has claimed her. Her name stands upon how many boards, committees, directorates.

The personality of Jane Addams is utterly quiet, simple, maternal, and profoundly grave. Unmonumental; free from the desire for power or personal glory. In the very many years of her service to the world she has become an almost symbolic figure of gentle wisdom, a point of reference for world-problems. Beginning simply as a good neighbor in the Chicago slums, she has continued as a neighbor to all the world, who has set the pattern and increased the will toward the world-friendship of the nations of the planet. Miss Addams arrived in Carmel today.

—pauline g. schindler.

Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln Steffens, having met one another in debate the other night in San Jose over the question, "Is Marriage a Failure?", are recuperating from the battle, in the Yosemite Valley.

Personal Bits . .

Colonel and Mrs. Clair Foster are spending the summer in the Berkshires, Massachusetts, and the radio tower on Dolores street looms high over a silent receiver. The government, however, has given Colonel Foster a call to use for the summer, 2QW, from which, as formerly from 6HM in Carmel, he talks by appointment daily, or regularly, with friends in Africa, China, and points north, south, east and west.

Wong Foo, however, the faithful Chinaman of the Foster household, looks through the heavy downpour of rain upon the mountain landscape, and remarks longingly, "Carmel number one place."

Mrs. Esther Teare gave a luncheon party in honor of Sara Bard Field in the Mission Tea House on Wednesday. Guests included Anne Martin, Dr. Long, Eunice Gray, Katherine Morgan, and Mrs. Jesse Lynch Williams.

Celebrating the same distinguished guest and her daughter, Eunice Gray gave a tea on Saturday afternoon. Many guests were present, among them Mary Bulkley, Ida Curtis the painter, Allan Bier the pianist of San Francisco and his wife, the Russian Mysainoff and his wife, Helen Rosencrans, and Mrs. Esther Teare.

John Bidwell White returned last Saturday to Carmel for the summer, from the University of Pennsylvania. He is one of the eight Freshmen of his university who made crew, and rowed in the regatta at Poughkeepsie on June nineteenth. His brilliant record has won for him a scholarship. He will return to the university in September. He is the son of the Reverend and Mrs. Willis G. White of Bakersfield.

Mrs. Gertrude Tooker of Carmel appears in the Contributor's Club of the Atlantic this month with an entertaining comment on schools and families, called "Shelter." The short smart little article describes the tribulations of a mother pursuing one of her own daughters through a high-school course in domestic science.

Marcus Wolfe, director of the Little Theatre in Tacoma, spent two days last week in Carmel. Mr. and Mrs. Wolfe are on vacation up and down the coast exploring dramatic activities as well as the landscape. In Carmel they saw plays and dress rehearsals, hobnobbed with directors over the problems of the little theatres, and with rejoicing, fell upon their old friend Louise Walcott, with whom Mr. Wolfe had played in Santa Barbara.

The Theatre . . .

WHEN THE HALF-GODS GO THE GODS ARRIVE

On Saturday evening John Bovingdon danced in the Theatre of the Golden Bough the grave and stately dance of the spirit of man in its ascent from the before-birth dream-sleep toward greater and greater awareness. Slow was the movement of this dance with the rhythm of the breath itself—slow as suspense, and dynamic.

Superb the beauty of this figure moving in the fundamental dignity of the stripped spirit, against the background of a setting magnificent in its proportions and bare of all trappings. Utter and divine quietude.

Yet we should be reporting falsely an event worthy of truth, if we were to assume that the vitality of the beginning had been sustained through the evening. In the first episode of the dance there lay the greatest promise. It was the dance of man's beginning, of the awakening of the human spirit, and it was told, in superb gesture, with richness of mood, the dance impelled from inner sources of conviction.

Yet the two final episodes left the promise unfulfilled. Man did not after all arrive. John Bovingdon did not reach the center about which his dance moved. Meaning died. It is difficult to understand how, suddenly, life could depart from a work of art which had begun with the highest degree of vitality. Perhaps it was that the dancer suddenly withdrew into himself; failed, in so delicate and subtle a medium, to maintain contact with his audience.

The dancer himself seemed baffled. Unable to sustain the real, he made a substitution, presented that which was only slightly false. But the very truth of his first dance had so sensitized his audience to meaning and to sincerity, that they half-recognized the substitution. Deeply moved by the spectacle and expression of meaningful beauty, they nevertheless left the place with a sense of incompleteness.

Of richest philosophical import is the dancing of Bovingdon; and magnificent is his artistry. The flaw is merely one which has to do with the sustaining of contact. One might call it a short-circuiting of the spirit. When he is able to sustain that intense spiritual contact between dancer and audience, he will have become one of the great artists of his time.

—pauline g. schindler.

(So strong was the response of those who saw the dancing of Bovingdon, and so varied, that we print two of the expressions which have come to us. The first, by Roger Sturtevant, himself a dancer. The second, arrived anonymously by mail.)

The world had been waiting for a dancer. After the first dance of John Bovingdon I thought, "This is the one." In this dance

he gave us a vision of a personal art, using his body in a manner unlike anything ever done. Magnificent to look at.

He set a long rhythmic pattern on the stage which if carried to its inevitable end might have changed not only the entire convention of the dance tempo, but the life-habit of the watchers. For Isadora Duncan showed us through her work how the change of the entire convention of the dance can slowly affect the aspect of life also.

But in the end, Bovingdon failed us. He broke the spell by trying to make the audience a part of his dance, rather than by dancing so greatly that we must unconsciously dance. Were he capable of finer showmanship, his great art could come to us without the necessity of an intervening pseudo-mysticism. And we, the camp-followers of the dance, could rejoice in a great renaissance.

—sturtevant.

My Impression—Life Dance

She turned to me suddenly in the dressing room—a past-age little woman—drab clothes, glasses

"What's it all about?"

Surprise aghast, doubt, —PITY—

"Can't you figure it out?"

Question and answer from one who had to stay after the first portion, had to leave after the second, paused in the darkened foyer, poised between deeper pain and pained flight; could not endure another moment of such closeness with life itself — beauty of dawning knowledge of creation, ecstasy, exquisite biting suffering. No! out into the night and blindness; better than feeling all of life in one pent hour.

THE RIVALS

"The Rivals" which the Players' Guild of San Francisco will give this week, at The Playhouse, has held its place on the English stage for 150 years. It is one of those plays which we know without having read it; which we quote unaware, as we quote Shakespeare. Mrs. Malaprop, who wants her niece presented to a suitor as "an object not altogether illegible," who believes a young woman should be instructed in geometry that "she may know something of the contiguous countries" has become a synonym for all that is absurdly illiterate and incorrect.

The comedy is famous for sparkling dialogue and whimsical characterization. It is a comedy of manners, a brilliant satire on that artificial, frivolous, intriguing, witty society of the eighteenth century, in which the writer himself played no inconsiderable part.

The Players are bringing to Carmel the full cast of a production which has delighted San Francisco. Mrs. Malaprop will be played by Emelie Melville, an actress who has played in her day with Booth and Barrett, and has been coaxed from retirement only for the sheer delight of playing again this favorable role. Those who go to see her are sure of an evening of what

THE THEATRE OF THE GOLDEN BOUGH

presents

HENRY COWELL

Composer-Pianist

Friday, July 13, 8:00 p. m.

Admission \$1.00 - \$1.50

July 11, 3:30 p. m.

CHILDREN'S MOVIE

MATINEE

Children 10c

Adults 35c

July 12, 3:00 p. m.

FREE LECTURE BY HALLDIS STABELL

July 12, 7:00, and 8:30 p. m.

"THE SERENADE"

with Adolphe Menjou

July 14, 15, 7:00 p. m. 8:30 p. m.

"SPOTLIGHT"

with Esther Ralston

"TO THE LADIES"

By George Kaufman and
Marc Connelly

July 26, 27, 28

Morris Ankrum, directing

THIS WEEK THUR. FRI. SAT. "THE RIVALS"

Reginald Travers' company
from San Francisco
with Emelie Melville

Carmel Playhouse

Abalone League Theatre

Theatre of the Golden Bough
Thursday afternoon, July Twelfth
at three o'clock

HALLDIS STABELL

announces a lecture on

THE RENAISSANCE OF THE BODY

Illustrated by Motion Pictures

No admission charge

Woodside Library

A Circulating Library
of Worth While Books

Dora Hagemeyer
Monte Verde near Ocean Avenue

Mr. Steffens thinks we lack in Carmel—
whole-souled laughter.

—k. p. g.

MANZANITA
THEATER

Wed. and Thurs., July 11-12

AL JOLSON

in "THE JAZZ SINGER"

Friday, July 13

**"FIVE AND
TEN CENT ANNIE"**LOUISE FAZENDA
CLYDE COOKSaturday, July 14
JOHNNY HINES in**THE WRIGHT IDEA**

A Pre-Release showing

Sunday and Monday, July 15-16
RICHARD BARTHELMESS in**THE NOOSE**

A very fine picture

Tuesday, July 17

THE WHIP WOMANWITH ESTELLE TAYLOR
AND LOWELL SHERMAN**GOLDEN STATE**
THEATER

Telephone: MONTEREY 1500

Wednesday, July 11

**LADIES NIGHT IN A
TURKISH BATH**DOROTHY MACKAIL and
JACK MULHALL

Thurs. and Fri., July 12-13

GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDESA Hector Turnbull Production from
the famous story by Anita Loos

Saturday, July 14

WILLIAM BOYD in
SKYSCRAPER

Sunday, July 15

MILTON SILLS—DORIS KENYON in

BURNING DAYLIGHT

FIVE ACTS OF VAUDEVILLE

Monday and Tuesday, July 16-17

Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton in

THE BIG KILLING

E. C. HOPKINS AT THE ORGAN

The Theatre . . .HENRY COWELL, COMPOSER-
PIANIST, JULY 13

On Friday evening the Theatre of the Golden Bough presents Henry Cowell, the modern composer-pianist. Mr. Cowell will play only his own compositions, and only those not before publicly performed in Carmel with one exception. The most abstruse of these will be played twice, a custom inaugurated by Koussevitsky in the playing of new works. The program will run as follows:

The Snows of Fujiyama
It Isn't It
It Isn't It
Domnu, The Mother of Waters
One Moment, Please!
One Moment, Please!
The Trumpet of Angus Og

Dynamic Motion with Four Encores
(What's This? Amiable Conversation,
Advertisement, Antinomy)

The Banshee
Tiger
Tiger
The Fairy Answer
The Harp of Life

Henry Cowell has become a figure in the "New Music," a figure recognized the world over. Probably one of the most significant things done during the first quarter of the twentieth century will be the printing of the New Music Quarterly, which for the first time anywhere in the world offers an opportunity to the unknown composer to have his works printed. This Henry Cowell has done, and subscriptions to the Quarterly have come in from all points of the globe.

In music, Henry Cowell has contributed the "tone cluster," which Bela Bartok has used with such tremendous effect in his new Concerto, and which so many have unconsciously adopted as a means of enrichment of their harmonies since Cowell's first use of it. The rolling majesty and sonority of Henry Cowell's chords has reached around the world, and overtones, long unheard and disregarded as heard only by God's "few," have sung out in strange, new chords, of a loveliness that grows with every hearing.

**PREPARING FOR THE
PRINCESS OF ARABY**

With "Taming of the Shrew" now a memory, interest in the Forest Theater activities centers about the Cator-Newberry light opera, "A Princess of Araby," to be put on July 13 and 14 by The Gypsies of San Jose. Leads will be played by the original Gypsies cast, supplemented by a chorus of Peninsula voices rehearsed under the supervision of Tom Cator in his studio.

The Gypsies of San Jose are with us. Below the Forest Theater they are camping in a merry group. Going by you can

hear snatches of song; if you are very quiet and good, perhaps they will let you watch them practice their dances, led by Nadine Honeywell. Their troupe mother is Leda Jackson, only do not take her literally; they are all young and all vivid. Their vehicle, the Cator-Newberry comic opera "A Princess of Araby" goes on Friday and Saturday nights at the Forest Theater. It is a really charming version of Oriental tales, with Aladdin and Cleopatra and other well known dignitaries all together in the action. The lyrics are as tuneful and amusing as anything "The Mikado" or "Pinafore" ever had to offer. The voices are excellent. Perhaps the joyous enthusiasm of the Gypsies themselves is the best comment on the work of the performance.

The Forest Theater stage is being rapidly transformed into the streets of Bagdad, with shops, mosques and what not. And soon the gay colors of the oriental costumes will be flitting about those streets. Music in the open air has a beauty never attained indoors, as will be attested by those who heard the operas previously produced at Carmel's Forest Theater.

Perry Newberry's charming story of Aladdin and Cinderella is in good hands. These San Jose Gypsies can sing, act and dance, and the lovely music of Thomas Vincent Cator will be heard at its best, as a large orchestra is to support the singers.

While "A Princess of Araby" has been very successfully produced at San Jose and other places, this is the first time that "home folk" have had an opportunity to enjoy the work of our well-known neighbors. It would be a graceful compliment to Tom and Perry for all of us to attend the Forest Theater this Friday and Saturday.

**UNDER COMPETENT
FEMININE DIRECTION**

Irene Alexander is to direct the remainder of the summer season's work at the Forest Theater. She is known not only as a director of plays, but as a newspaper woman and a writer of lyrics as well. She has been writing librettos, articles on world travel, and several popular lyrics of hers have found their way through the air over the radio.

After the production of "Herod" and "Inchling" at the Forest Theater in late July and early August, Miss Alexander will return to New York to resume her libretto work with George Matthews.

A very excited gentleman rushed up to one of the Editors of this paper when he saw last week's issue. "I know John Bovingdon!" he cried, "he danced at my hotel at Kobe! I liked him immensely. And now he turns up at Carmel!" The speaker was W. Kent Clark, who was manager of an hotel at Kobe, Japan, and now owns a patio house on San Antonio and Ocean.

Wanted: A small used car. Telephone 593-W or 77.

THE CARMELITE

CARMEL BY THE SEA
CALIFORNIA

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Editorials . . .

ON BEING UNDERSTOOD

Once when Clarence Darrow was in some sort of public trouble, he met a kind friend who gripped his hand and said sympathetically: "You have suffered a lot from being misunderstood, haven't you?" And Darrow, moved, nodded his great heavy head and let a tear form in one of his melancholy eyes.

"Yes," he answered slowly, "I have. But I haven't suffered as much as I would if I had been understood."

This expresses pretty well the feelings we feel when that man Stephen Reynolds lifts something from our precious columns and sends it with his too clear interpretation, to the metropolitan papers along with a portrait that is arty, decorative, but not a likeness and not art.

And Darrow's expression of his feelings expresses ours when we get a letter like the following from Mrs. Yvonne Navas-Rey, saying:

"What an idea I had of you! That you were earnest people. And I am so weary of them, whether it be religion, theatres or the Russian experiment. I enclose a letter from Allen Griffin. Maybe our Society for the Advancement of a Pleasant Atmosphere will receive more adherents. Of course this is apropos of your Carmelite editorial. The whole paper is great."

But we are earnest people. We took over the Carmelite because the Pine Cone is not serious enough; we saw Mr. Perry Newberry shrug his shoulders one night when something went wrong in Carmel, and he quotes regularly in his paper a politician who does not know what is right. And, as for Mr. Allen Griffin, whose letter (referred to in the letter inserted above) calls for "more fun and a society for the advancement of" etc., the wise young editor of the Peninsula Daily Herald runs away from his duty to the

Peninsula and the Herald to play with his children and his garden in the sun up the valley where there are no funny people to laugh over. There is a gap in this community of communities.

We are filling that gap, which may be a hole; we are filling this hole soberly, earnestly—not at all in the light spirit which some people attribute to us. There is a duty to do, and we are doing it. We find that our neighbors have seen that love is a duty, and voting; that art and the home, health, work and even play are duties. It is not a mere joy, it is a heavy obligation upon us to bring up our children. We hear that one ought to breathe fresh air, and walk (or lie) in the sunshine; it is not that one should want to, but that one should feel that he owes it to his body to take in oxygen and violet rays. Dancing is an art—dancing—

In brief: the joy has been taken out of everything else; every pleasure that could not be suppressed, has been institutionalized; the only animal instinct, the only spiritual delight left free, unorganized, unregulated is that of laughter.

The Carmelite proposes now to make laughter a duty. Our editorial policy is to insist that Carmel—first; later the Peninsula; and finally, the whole world—shall laugh. And not lightly, at jokes; this is no comic paper. No, with a preference for weeping, we shall do our duty, and plead, with tears in our eyes, that our readers laugh, first at us, and finally, at themselves, but—earnestly, regularly, (every Wednesday): as a duty.

—Lincoln Steffens.

THE WISDOM OF A HE-MAN

Arthur Brisbane is a "wise guy;" he sees things as they are. But he is not a wise man; he does not see what is the matter. He says:

"The Democratic platform promises to 'outlaw war.' Women are delighted with that. They hope it will work better than the law to outlaw whiskey. That didn't work well, and unfortunately whiskey and war are brothers. To get rid of either you must do more than write words on a platform or law book. You must change men."

This is all right down to the last sentence, which repeats the time-worn error about 'changing human nature.'

There are causes of war—statable, describable, impersonal forces, which can be controlled to make for peace—without changing men and without killing the children of men.

And the women Brisbane smiles at are more likely to see that than the men he smiles with.

—L. S.

WHAT THEY THINK OF THE CARMELITE

To the editor of the Carmelite:

In your few issues you have amply demonstrated that Carmel can produce a paper of

distinction. In makeup, interest, and timeliness, your paper is 'unequalled by any publication with which I am acquainted. It is a paper of which all Carmel may well be proud.

* * * *

To the editor of the Carmelite:

From what I have read in the Carmelite I conclude that your ideals as to what Carmel should be are in accord with the great majority of its unselfish and thinking people. I hope you will be constant and consistent in preaching the gospel of maintaining the primitive beauty and natural charm of Carmel, and do what you can to protect it against those vandals who, under the guise of progressives, would finally transform Carmel into a place with no more individuality than Gilroy and a thousand other drab and stereotyped Main Street towns.

A locally owned, home made and home printed newspaper is essential to carry this gospel at all times to the minds and hearts of the thinking people of Carmel, and to inspire their confidence and support.

—Yours. . . .

FROM ANOTHER EDITOR

Mr. and Mrs. Carroll Douglas Hall are spending the first month of their marriage in Carmel. Mr. Hall, editor of the Redwood City Tribune, in his issue of July fifth, writes in his Daily Column of a Carmel garden:

On the sandy soil are slabs of white rock, veined with shades of blue, red and brown. They form stepping-stones, line twisting paths and encircle flower beds. Carmel stone it is, famous for its rugged, simple beauty. Every other fireplace and chimney in Carmel is faced with this clay-like rock.

Ferns leap from the gray loam in charming disarray. They make cool thickets in which brown birds search for insects. Shy, brown birds that rarely leave the ground or the lower branches of the Carmel pines. Not a bit like the saucy little chickadees and wrens, who circulate through the whispering tree-tops in energetic flocks.

No lawns. In Carmel, lawns are rare. Just tawny grasses and weeds, shadowed by the world-famous pines and tiny oaks, that have an air of ancient wisdom about them, despite their small size. Twisted oaks, spreading over the ferns and rocks and sand. Reaching out for things like an octopus.

Wild blackberry vines, allowed to grow according to nature's guidance. That is the rule for nearly all gardens in Carmel. No clearing away. No chopping. No hacking of branches. Gardens that trust the sunshine and the cool, gray silent fog and the pine needle-carpeted earth for development.

Somewhere in the garden a small bird with a big voice makes himself heard all day long and far into the night.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF THE AMERICAN PUBLIC SCHOOL TEACHER

The Carmelite publishes below a contribution which has been sent in by a teacher living in Carmel, who has something vigorous and incisive to say:

The public school in the United States has formed the spoils system for the daughters of successful small town men, who could afford to send their female issue as well as their sons to the state university. But the latter entered into more remunerative careers.

The girls bring to their work the characteristics inherited from their fathers, energy, acquisitiveness, and accuracy in mathematics and the applied sciences. Languages they rarely know and their English is often colloquial, when it isn't absolutely incorrect.

The hardness of the average school teacher is increased by her celibacy. It is part of the Puritan background that the female educators of youth should remain virgins. The economic point of view, if it enters in the matter at all, is considered of relatively small importance. This is far more true, of course, of the East than of the West; upon inquiring about a vacancy in a small town not far from Boston, a friend of mine, who was a widow and had a child to support, was told by the Superintendent that it was against the policy of the Board to employ any woman who had been married. . . .

Celibacy, which means in its essence loneliness, is not conducive to a social attitude, nor is life in a town distant from the family circle or from old associations. In the past, and perhaps even now, all kinds of rules have been invented by school boards in order to keep the lives of their school teachers pure; it did not seem to dawn on them that purity at the cost of a social attitude might make it impossible for the teacher to fulfill her role successfully. This is the origin of all the gibes flung at teachers in the past. As a result there is a general unwillingness, in the profession, to be labeled as a teacher in the social world unless absolutely unavoidable. There is a feeling that if introduced as 'Miss So and So, teacher,' the unfortunate person in question will be expected to lack the universal human qualities that please in a personality the world over!

I remember watching one of these hard, efficient, teachers. She was showing a small boy how to address an envelope. She wrote out her model on the board and turning to him with a frozen look, she issued her ukase: "Do it like I do!"

Yvonne K. Navas-Rey.

THE CHILD AS CRITIC

The Progressive School of Los Angeles gave intelligence tests recently to all the school children. They were invited one by one into a quiet cushiney little room, and addressed by a very intelligent lady. One youngster of six, slow spoken, white and furry as an easter bunny, came home that day with a very low intelligence-rating.

That he was unusually clever and able in his work nobody doubted.

"Why John," said his poor mother, "what was the matter?"

"Well," he said, "she asked me some questions, but I didn't answer them. They were such silly questions, mother."

To this small voice let us add the support of years and experience. We too believe that questions without significance are silly questions, and that people who try to answer them are apt to be silly people. —E.D.



"Town Gossip" by Charlton Fortune.

This picture won Miss Fortune's entrance into the National Academy of New York.

SARA BARD FIELD ON WAR AS A CURABLE DISEASE

We quote below from the luminously eloquent lecture of Sara Bard Field, at the recent meeting of the Women's International League in Carmel, on

CURING WAR.

You can see by the brief wording of my subject the two main points I wish to emphasize.

First, war is a disease.

Second, war is a curable disease.

I begin as a pessimist, and end as an optimist, proving that one may see the doughnut's substance, as well as the hole in it. In other words, though I believe War to be the most appalling expression of man's stupidity and cruelty, I do not consider it like earthquakes, the tides, death itself, a calamity which man cannot control. I believe it to be one of those evils which it lies within our human power to avert.

"ALL wars," says Aristotle, "are fought for greed or hope of gain."

No one with average intelligence would question that war is TODAY a disease, whatever healthy part it may have played in past history. (I except Revolutions, which someone has rightly called the "growing pains of a nation.")

Many young men went to the front, in the late World War, believing they were fighting for ideals . . . for "German Kultur" in Germany; for "democracy" in the allied countries. But one has only to hear the derisive laugh that goes up now when the battered phrase "Making the world safe for democracy" is heard here or abroad, to know how thoroughly disillusioned the world is as to the cause and purpose of the World War.

The World War set back civilization beyond human guess, and according to acute statisticians, another war would exterminate the white race.

While not despising any effort for Peace, I do believe that since profit is the cause and symptom of war, it is by destroying the profit system that we can cure it.

The monopolies of land, money, and trade, pour the vast proportion of the wealth of the country into the pockets of a few owners.

With their surplus wealth they first develop and exploit their own country. Then they must look abroad; so they make foreign loans and foreign investments, and "the flag follows the investment."

An international banker in New York said to a friend of mine, "If international investors did not feel secure in the fact that the army and the navy were behind their movements, they would refuse to invest abroad, and then where would the United States be?"

And my friend, himself a wealthy man, answered, "We would at least be off the deadly road of Imperialism."

Every science begins as a philosophy and ends as an art. —Will Durant.

Peter's Paragraphs

Never practice what you preach. If you're going to practice it, why preach it?

Isn't the conduct of men better than their thinking? Don't think this over; see through it, idly, with a smile, as if it were a joke; just for fun.

It's Bolshevik propaganda to say that you can't change human nature: that's the reason the Russians propose to change conditions.

We all say that the rich think like the rich, the poor like the poor, that the sick have the psychology of the sick, and slaves, slave-psychology.

Why do we kick so when the Russians say they will abolish those classes whom they want noone to think or act like—the rich, the corrupt, the unfree.

There is progress. Last Sunday morning a child said: "Mama I want to go to school."

This might be taken for praise of that child's nursery school; as it was, of course. But it was more than that. It was a prophetic flash into the time when schools will be fascinating centres of child-life, education a losing race with cultured curiosity; and all living a pleasant game, for the new children of men, however old they may be.

The Youngest Set

The Youngest Set today does not have half the trouble with parents that the Younger Set had. Some authorities think that there is a relation of cause and effect in this. The Younger Set so licked parents that they are humbled now and the new wave of kids coming along find their papas and mamas amenable to discipline and cannot understand what their predecessors are talking about when they tell of their heroic struggles for liberty.

The elders and wisers believe in being sparing of praise. The youngsters and siliers know that praise is the best incentive to get what you want done. The youngest set, who are neither wise nor silly, praise themselves and announce to the world unabashed and uninhibited their achievements.

Some kids were competing for first place, and the subject of contention was the achievements of their dads.

"My father makes bicycles," announced Jim. "Mine paints pictures," stated Tom. "My father is a movie actor" strutted Roe. "My daddy" piped up three-year old "is called papa."

The rest quit.

John Wood, (3) whose father is the painter Stanley Wood, and who himself derived his name from Jonathan Kittle, is experimenting with the observation of forms. He informed his mother last week that he had seen "a humming bird with a bow and arrow" and, on a pine tree, "a peacock with overalls on." John's latest pal is Amber the Kitty, who goes rides with him in the kiddie car (gentleman in the back row who guffawed kindly leave the room quietly) and generally leads him a-stray.

Alan Wood, (6) brother of above, is suffering from an attack of inferiority complex. Learning from his first primer by mumbling the words over and over to himself, he suddenly heard his kid brother say the whole thing without a fault. "John can read!" he cried weeping to his mother "and he's three years younger than me!"

Kay Clark is at the Mathiot Boys' Summer Camp for a fortnight.

Pete's parents were having a party. Mother was called into the bedroom.

"Are there a lot of people there, mummy?"

"Yes."

"So you can talk?"

Barbara Buck asserted her independence early. At the age of three days she refused to see her father, though he came to the Carmel Hospital especially to pay his respects, and hung around really quite a long time. Perhaps if she had heard his language she would not have consented yet.

Wouldn't it be wonderful if the latest generation should grow up without any inferiority complex? Think of a world without any conceited men and women. And a nation not easy to govern. And a people used to self-government.

"No, thank you," one of the Youngest Set, (aged three and a half,) said the other day. "I do it all by self."

And when he did do it alone and was commended for it, he looked up surprised at the uncalled-for patronage and said: "Oh, don't mention it."

Pete Steffens (3) announces the completion of his new study. Visitors welcome after 4 p. m.

Pete, who is three and a half, has taken his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln Steffens, to the Yosemite for two tremendous weeks.

Mark Schindler, esquire, aged five, escorted his mother, on the Fourth, to San Francisco, where they saw the sights of the town,—explored the docks with their waiting ocean liners, took a ride on a real ferry-boat, and in the evening observed the illumined city in patriotic show of sky-

rockets. Mark goes down next week to Halcyon, south of here, for a month or two with his friends Max and David Hagemeyer of Carmel, and with Praxy Browne, aged four, son of Maurice Browne, formerly dramatic director at the Theater of the Golden Bough.

Parents, troubled by the slow dressing of the Youngest Set, may find that they can outwit the enemy by starting a game of "Who'll be First."

Experienced parent, lugubriously: "Yes, and with the Youngest Set's consistency they'll drag the game into eating too and we'll all land at the Doctor's with chronic indigestion."

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World News . . .

Katherine Parrott Gorringer

To a party that slipped a "dry" plank under his "wet" feet, Governor Smith, accepting the Democratic nomination for President, retorts "It is well known that I believe there should be fundamental changes in the present provisions for national prohibition."

"Common honesty compels us to admit that corruption of law enforcement officials, bootlegging and lawlessness are now prevalent throughout this country. I am satisfied that without returning to the old evils that grew from the saloon . . . by the application of the principles of local self-government and states' rights, we can secure real temperance, respect for law and eradication of the existing evils." Whatever our differing opinion, at least let us recognize honesty!

Another attempt to regulate the calendar is to be made by a convention sitting this week in Washington. It is proposed to have 13 months of 28 days each. This would leave an extra day, coming at the end of the year, to be called Year Day. Leap-year day would also reappear, though this time at the end of June. But would this be any less confusing than a confusion to which we are now accustomed?

A new record for sustained distance flight was made by the Italian flyers, Captain Arturo Ferrarin and Major Carlo Del Prete, who landed Thursday, in Brazil, after a flight of 4600 miles from their take-off in Italy. Time, 58 hours, 34 minutes, 26½ seconds. This exceeds by 700 miles the flight last year from New York to Germany of Chamberlin and Levine. It is also the first direct flight from Europe to South America.

Lieutenant Lundborg, the daring aviator who rescued Nobile but was himself marooned on the ice-flow, has now been rescued by another Swedish flyer, Lieutenant Shyberg. The Italia's crew are still adrift and Amundsen has not yet been found.

The Communist party of Russia has readmitted Zinovieff, Kameneff and 36 others, expelled from the party last December. They have been compelled to repudiate their former views and to condemn the theories of Trotzky. The Trotzkyists with their leader are still in exile.

"Continual praise of the past and belittling of the present regime" by the reconciled (?) Nationalists is one reason, the Christian Science Monitor thinks, for the swing-back to Social Democracy in German politics. Another reason is the popular support given to Dr. Stresemann in his work for international amity. A third

is dissatisfaction with the present low standard of living.

The new chancellor, Hermann Mueller, was head of the last Social Democratic government, which suppressed the Putsch in Bavaria. The cabinet is composed of Industrial, Labor and Liberal leaders.

Poincare's bill for re-valuing the franc, adopted by overwhelming majorities in the chamber of Deputies and in the Senate, has brought France back to the gold standard. The franc is stabilized at 3.93 cents, about 1-5 of its pre-war value.

John Collier reports that the National Indian Defense Association won three victories at Washington this year. Indians will be compensated for the loss of their lands and other rights; an investigation of the Indian Bureau will be undertaken; and the Pueblo Indians were saved a million and a half dollars by the defeat of a bill for building a dam on the Pecos river.

The summer season of dramatics has begun at the two universities of Stanford and California. On Friday, "The Queen's Husband" was played at Assembly Hall with Gordon Davis, who is returning to head the college department of dramatics, in the leading role. Shaw's "Arms and the Man" opened the Wheeler Hall plays on Tuesday. Bluntschli was taken by Houghton Furlong, who recently played "Ernest" in Oscar Wilde's play given here at the Golden Bough.

Morris Gest will bring the Stanford-on-Avon Summer Festival company to America in the autumn. After opening in Canada in October, the company will play the Pacific Coast cities, before going east. Hamlet, The Merchant of Venice, The Taming of the Shrew, King Richard III and the first part of King Henry IV are in the repertoire.

In the try-outs for the Olympic games, the California crew, rowing on the Schuylkill river beat the Yale crew by a bare quarter length on Friday. As they had previously beaten Columbia, this makes them America's representative at Amsterdam next month. Incidentally it is the first defeat that this crew of Yale has suffered. Hail to California!

At last the World War is officially over. For the United States has removed the tax on amusements. Hereafter a two dollar theatre ticket will cost just two dollars, and a dollar ticket, only one.

The United States Post Office will hereafter also carry the mails at reduced rates. A penny for a post card, and less than that for a newspaper. A special rate is provided for library books mailed by readers to public libraries, and with the exception of letters and first class mail, there is a general reduction of postal rates downward.

The Arts . . .

CHARLTON FORTUNE EXHIBIT

Charlton Fortune in her exhibit of oil paintings at the Seven Arts Gallery, is giving Carmel a superlative show. A native Californian, she has lately returned from a seven year sojourn in Europe and is settled again in her old studio, at Monterey. Her recent exhibits in California; at San Francisco, Los Angeles and Santa Barbara, among others, have brought forth marked attention from the critics. She has been classed as one of the foremost contemporary landscape painters.

This painter loves movement, sunlight, life and color. She delights especially in the quaint fishing villages of England and southern France. Picturesque fishing boats, sparkling water, clouds of sea gulls, many-colored old houses—they are captured with a freshness and vitality that is almost incredible. The superb large canvas, "Drying Sails at St. Tropez," her latest and most important work, gives one a real thrill. On seeing it one understands the remark of the Paris papers that "having discovered that Charlton Fortune was a woman they could only say that her paintings were exceptionally strong for a man."

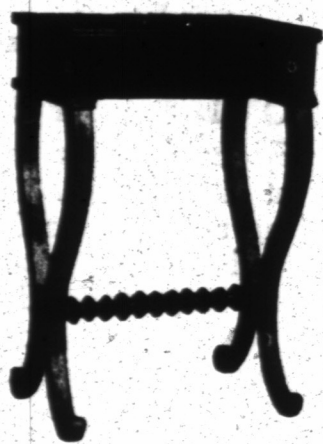
This artist paints joyously and brilliantly and with great freedom. Her style is a development of the methods and color of the post-impressionists with a foundation beneath it of strict academic training. Plus a certain ultra something that is Charlton Fortune. She is modern and vital enough to be refreshingly removed from the photographic school of painting—yet has steered clear of freakish modernism. If one may label, it should be "sanely impressionistic."

Charlton Fortune does not sit down and deliberately compose a picture. She has no recipes for such. She paints because she sees something beautiful and out of her delight in it comes a vivid and lovely pictures seem to arrange themselves from the exigencies of the subject itself. No set color schemes—notwithstanding that color is one of her outstanding qualities, she herself says that she thinks very little about color. Those exquisite chords of color are the natural result of persistently studied relations of color outdoors.

Observe the exquisite tonality of two water-front scenes, both painted the same day from the same spot. The silvery loveliness of one with sun behind the clouds and the golden beauty of the other in sunlight.

Miss Fortune has exhibited at many distinguished places both in the east and abroad. "St. Ives Harbor" the painting that won the silver medal in 1924 at the Societe des Artistes Francais is shown in the present exhibit, which will continue through the fifteenth of the month.

—helen gardner brown.



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THE CARMEL EXHIBIT OF HAGEMEYER

Although any art supercedes its medium, the work of Johan Hagemeyer is inescapably linked with consideration of the camera. And it will continue to be so until that ubiquitous medium has been lifted to general acceptance when it no longer needs the work of outstanding individuals to justify it. Because the semblance of reality is automatically obtained, it takes the clear visualization of an exceptional artist to rescue the camera from the sloughs of prostitution that beset it on every side.

Such an artist is Johan Hagemeyer. First of all because, working on a foundation of sound technic, he cast aside much of the findings of professional photographers and plumbed the limitations and possibilities of his medium for himself. He did not imitate other photographers. He did not imitate artists in any other field—etchers, painters, watercolorists. But sought the innate spirit of the lens and plate. He made the camera his servant, a medium through which he could crystallize his interpretations of present day living.

So Johan Hagemeyer photographs the lyric of the gas station with its smug neatness—the grandeur of beach-side rocks. He pictures the triumph of mounting flues—the dignity of oil tanks and square sided factories.

And all this he does by the selectivity of a camera lens directed by an insight that brings a sure grasp of form expressive of feeling. He picks from the myriad miscellany the few significant units and reproduces them for your joy.

Johan Hagemeyer has learned the throb of this current age and translated it into terms of undeniable loveliness.

—Aline Kistler.

THE CHILDREN'S STORY HOUR

Twenty-five children met at the Harrison library last Friday afternoon to hear Miss Wilhelmina Harper tell stories.

"A very eager and courteous little group they were," Miss Harper says. "For vacation fun I told them some of the humorous old stand-bys that children of all ages love. "Epaminondas," "How the Elephant Got His Trunk" from the Kipling "Just So Stories," "How Brother Rabbit Fooled the Whale and the Elephant," and last, a Yosemite Indian legend, "Tutokanula."

Miss Harper is visiting Miss Goodfellow, of the library, and volunteered this entertainment for Carmel children.

We capture this bit from Edward Hope's Column "The Lantern" in the Herald Tribune of New York:

The Tulane University expedition to the Maya region had terrible trouble with colmoyotes, according to a dispatch from Mexico City. We don't know what colmoyotes is, since it doesn't appear in our dictionary, but we feel pretty sure that listerine would have cured it.

AFTER TEN YEARS

Mrs. Harry Colman, returned after ten years' absence, from New York to Carmel with children and grandchildren, utters her delight that the loveliness of the town has remained. Yet she remembers with affection the dear primitiveness of it as it was before. In those days clothes had no fashions—and audiences trickled up to the Forest Theater swinging lanterns on long sticks. After the hard smooth pavements of the greatest city in the world, the soft sandy brown of the earthen road is good to feel.

After the dancing of John Bovingdon on Saturday evening, Mrs. Marie Gordon was hostess at a party in his honor at her home on San Antonio. Bovingdon always fasts before a dance-recital. After the party he and Jeanya Marling had to drive all night and next day without a stop, to meet a dance-engagement in Los Angeles at three in the afternoon. The gongs from the temples of Java go with them.

THE CARMELITE, July 11, 1928

THE VAGABOND BOOK SHOP

is a Parnassus on wheels which has been voyaging about the country ever since it left Carmel last fall, piloted by Mr. and Mrs. Eric Collins of the First Edition Book Shop. Now arrives a letter to Mrs. Rowntree of the Highlands from her son Cedric, headed Estes Park, Colorado; June twenty-ninth:

... Yesterday we took a drive and in the park ate our supper by a stream. On our drive we passed one of these large trucks made into living quarters and on it was written "The Vagabond Book Shop." That made me sit up and take notice because I remembered reading in the Pine Cone about their starting out from Carmel on their trip.

Later, when I was alone, I passed the place where the Book shop was camped, so I stopped and went up to it and rapped on the door. I asked them if they came from Carmel and they said "Yes," and then the fun began.

They invited me in and I told them who I was. We talked about Carmel and about their trip. They stayed at Palm Springs from January to April. Then they came out along the Santa Fe Trail through the Painted Desert which they said was very beautiful. They had met a lot of Carmel people in Palm Springs. Also they showed me a little book they have and it has writings and sketches in it by lots of real people—Griffith, Colleen Moore and lots of people,—also Tilly Polak.

Mrs. Collins showed me lots of pictures they had taken. They have a large English bull—awfully large. In the front seat was some kind of a pup ten months old, asleep under some babies' quilts. She is going to have pups. They have a radio and an ice box and a real gas stove. There is a case of rare books facing the inside and the rest of the books are on shelves facing the world.

They invited me to supper some time. They will be here all summer.

—Cedric Rowntree.

SUMMER PLAY IN OTHER TOWNS

Summer evenings in Los Angeles are enlivened by the music of the Hollywood Bowl, a great natural amphitheatre which holds some thirty-five thousand people—and often does. All through the summer, great orchestral music is heard there under the leadership of internationally-familiar conductors.

The orchestra looks far away and very tiny—the conductor a dancing figure two inches high.

After the concert, the great crowd mills through to the boulevard, cars shove their slow way through, and there is a great pleasant turmoil of departure. Friend greets friend across the seething mass, and there is a feeling of comradeship in the crowd which the radio can never provide.

Among Carmel folk who have recently gone south for the summer's music in the Bowl, are Ann Dare, and Peter Davis.

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 W. Somerset Maugham.
 Doubleday, Doran & Company.

Despite romance and the melodrama, the spy was and remains a dirty fellow. His success depends on his violation of all those principles of decency and fair-play which in the heart of every man, savage or civilized, are more primal, more profound than patriotism. Without regret he must betray his friend, his host, his mistress. He must trick others into a similar betrayal and make his hay out of their supreme misery. For his successful manipulation of this shabby offshoot of patriotism, a silently grateful country will pay him well, in hard coin of the realm. But if through failure or through overzeal he gets himself into a tight place, it will immediately reveal its proper sense of his ignominy, by helping him not at all. All this has been common knowledge since the spies went up into the land of Canaan. But it remained for Efficiency, in the conduct of the last war, to snatch the last flaunting feather from the cap of the spy—to turn him from a bravado, a daring, desperate fellow, into a dreary cog in a monotonous machine for doing dirty work.

To have effectively depicted this is, perhaps, the only real merit in Somerset's Maugham's latest book. "Ashenden's official existence was as orderly and monotonous as a City Clerk's." Though in succeeding chapters he flits from London to Paris, to Geneva, to Naples, to Petrograd, his life in each of these places is that of the dull recorder rather than the desperate plotter and daredevil. For this or that information he sends his spies into Germany or Russia; receives their reports and with painstaking labor telegraphs them in code to England. For this trifling murder or that small affair of bombing a factory, he has also his emissaries. The threads which he gathers up and forwards to the Intelligence Department are there woven into a pattern which he never sees, whose design he can only guess.

It is of the essence of his job that his own life should move as inconspicuously as possible. He can make no friends. When in desperation he essays a mild flirtation with a lady spy, said to be in the service of Austria, he gets no further than a row on the lake and a dinner before a sharp note from headquarters asks him what game he is playing. Surely if all war could be shown up for as dull a sport as this erstwhile thriller of a spy's life, the pacifists of the world would have to hunt another job!

This is not to say that the book is dull. It is too well written for that. If Ashenden himself is merely the hook on which the stories are hung (from first to last we know of him scarcely more than that he

can be violently ill at the murder of an unknown spy but can coolly and deliberately bully an hysterical woman into writing notes that shall lure her lover to his death) yet the stories themselves are of the stuff of human tragedy. They are told lightly, swiftly, dramatically and, in the case of Mr. Harrington, with humor. To anyone who remembers the sudden shining of "The Moon and Sixpence," this book, like others of Maugham's must bring a renewal of disillusion. But as merely a set of cleverly written, slightly cynical but very human stories, they are worth the leisure of a summer afternoon.

A SCIENCE NEWS SERVICE

By Ella Winter

Dr. D. T. MacDougall sat smiling in his chair in the quiet laboratory hidden in the Carmel oaks and pines. Around him trees were writing their daily diaries, with an iron collar around their trunk and a thermometer stuck in their throat. The instruments were marked 1A for Dr. MacDougall is their inventor, and to a Carmel pine belongs the honor of being the first tree in the world to record its growth, its daily movements of sap, its temperature and the behavior of its roots.

But of the Carnegie Coastal Laboratory we shall write another time. This time Dr. MacDougall wanted to tell us of the Science News Service of which he is a Trustee, a service started four years ago, (the only one of its kind), and already handing out scientific news to one-fifth of the newspapers and magazines of America.

"Suppose you were sitting in my chair and I had come to interview you," said the genial scientist. "The first question I should ask would be: 'Why does Science need a News Service? The artists haven't one, writers, lawyers, other professionals do not seem to require one; why the scientists?'"

I had a pretty good idea why scientists need to be interpreted (having ploughed through more than one scientific report in other days), but I wanted to hear it with my own ears from a scientist.

"It's because the scientist, in working, makes nothing but 'surveyor's notes,'" explained my host. "They are in a hurry, they are doing difficult and delicate and often very technical work, and they cannot stop to 'write' it; all their energy is concentrated on the work itself; and so their results are often unintelligible to the layman. They have a language of their own, a shorthand of science one might call it."

The pine outside creaked, as if straining at its iron collar.

"But some of the scientists' results are news; some of course are not, and can't be made so, but every fifth or sixth day, say, someone's discovery will be really news and the world should hear of it and wants to hear of it. To meet this need our Service was created."

The need was obvious. Why then had the Service existed only four years?

THE CARMELITE, July 11, 1928

Dr. MacDougall settled more comfortably with his cup of tea, and told the fascinating history of the beginning of the News Service.

E. W. Scripps, owner of the Scripps newspapers, had the idea first. The discoveries of the older scientists, he said, took so long to be applied—science used not to be the keynote of life as it is in modern times. Today a scientific invention may be incorporated in practical life as soon as made: flying, war machines, ships to carry airplanes, poison gases, insulin for diabetes, ultra-violet rays are some examples of recent inventions and discoveries already part and parcel of practical life. Scripps created a fund for the operation of such a service as that of which Dr. MacDougall is now a Trustee.

The service has a staff of 17 in Washington; "a staff of hybrids," Watson Davis, its Managing Editor recently called them. Edwin Slosson, the Director, is a chemist and author of "Creative Chemistry," a book which sold like a novel. An astronomer-physicist, a biologist, a psychologist, a woman trained in medicine, are all on the staff, as well as writers, journalists and reporters trained to write about science.

The Service puts out ten to twelve weekly features: a weekly report on Why the Weather?; one on Health; (and now has been added a forecast of health exactly as there is a scientific forecast of weather); there is a General Science News; an Illustrated Feature; Nature's Notebook; a Star-Story Map; Science Shorts; and innumerable photographs. The Service even arranges material in popular form suitable for radio talks. Recently there has been added a special reporter on earthquakes and one on volcanic eruptions, and these not only report and interpret the happenings but go to the spot where they may be expected and are often the first to send out the news with explanations and forecasts of possible loss of life, and duration.

Astronomers, naturalists, doctors contribute to the service, and some scientists are beginning to send in accounts of their own work, and, a very important result to achieve (which alone would justify the existence of the service), the scientific style is improving. The days of the josh-story and facetious remarks about bearded men discussing subjects with unpronounceable names are almost over; Conferences and Congresses are reported by men who understand the subjects under discussion, and the informational and news value in the discoveries is sent to the newspapers in acceptable form.

They certainly use it for \$100,000 worth was bought last year alone. The public is becoming more interested in the daily happenings of which heretofore they rarely knew or understood the explanation. And what an encyclopedia of information the reports make for the growing boy and girl at home!

Sports . . .

O. N. Ford, Manager of the Del Monte Gun Club, left Del Monte this week on his annual invasion of the East. During his absence he will compete in seven important mid-west trapshooting events and will reach the climax of the trip by managing the Grand American Handicap at Dayton, Ohio. The Grand American is the biggest event in trapshooting and attracts the world's best shots.

Ford is first vice-president of the American Trapshooting Association and it is in this capacity that he will handle the Grand American.

At each of the cities in which he will stop and shoot, Ford plans to make talks on the Monterey Peninsula and on the annual Grand Del Monte Handicap, held at the local gun club each February. The Del Monte shoot is rapidly becoming the most important trap event on the Pacific coast. Last year 150 shooters from 21 states were on hand for the local event.

A NEW PENINSULA GOLF COURSE

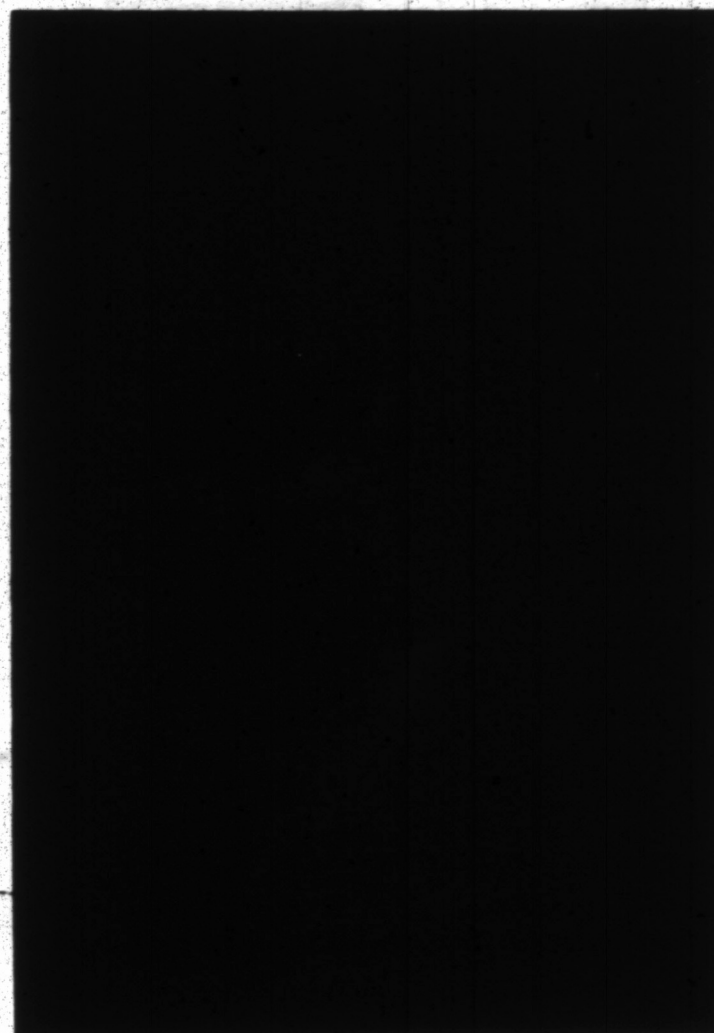
Construction work on the new Cypress point Golf Club Course, latest Monterey Peninsula Links, has been completed. This important announcement, coming months earlier than had been anticipated, was made here today by Robert Hunter of Pebble Beach.

Total yardage of the Cypress Point course from the back tees will be 6776 yards; from the middle tees, 6286 and from the front tees 5810 yards. Par will be 73—37 out and 36 in.

"Length without accuracy will not avail the champions who play Cypress Point," says Hunter, "as the wayward ball will make the second shots in most cases extremely difficult. Very low scores will be made at Cypress Point by the long accurate hitter and very high scores will be made by the slugger who has not found the line to the hole."

"The most notable feature of the Cypress Point Course," continues Hunter, "is its marvelous beauty. In this respect it has no equal. Its natural contours are also a superb golfing asset."

On two or three of the new greens there are pronounced undulations which will increase vastly the fascination of the putting. One may approach nearly every green with a run-up shot but if one is off the lines there will be a pitch required at nearly every hole. There are some huge carries to be made by those who seek birdies, and heroic carries on the second shots for those long hitters who are off line and yet for the older men and more indifferent players a carry of one hundred yards and a straight ball will be all that is required."



Halldis Stabell, who is to lecture at the Golden Bough on Thursday afternoon, on the Renaissance of the Human Body, combines philosophy with technical knowledge. But modern science, she reminds us, is coming closer and closer toward an acceptance of views once called mystical.

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kidney
Tell their affairs from Seattle to Sydney.
Playwrights and poets and such horses'
necks
Start off from anywhere, end up at sex.
Diarists, critics and similar roe
Never say nothing, and never say no.
People Who Do Things exceed my en-
durance;
God, for a man who solicits insurance!
—From "Sunset Gun" by Dorothy Parker.



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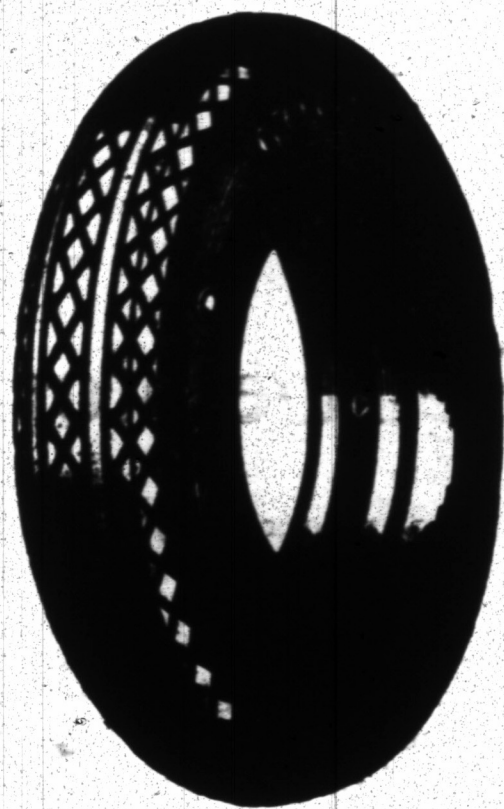
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